





(From the Saturday Review.)

France has on paper an army of 1,340,000 men, and could, it is said, put into the field, at a very short notice, a fighting army of half a million of soldiers. The infantry are armed with breech-loaders, which, if not altogether satisfactory to a military critic, are pronounced to be better than the needle-guns of the Prussians. The armies of the first line are supported by an equally strong army of reserve. The French troops are not only well drilled and handled, in spite of some criticisms thrown by officers of the war, but are improved in tactics by the Emperor, but they are in many respects better drilled and handled than Prussian soldiers. The field artillery is neither very good nor very bad, and the French have a new engine of war in the *mitrailleuse*, which the military critic thinks not likely to be of much practical use, but which may act as a bogey, and frighten an enemy by its novelty. The French army is also supported by a fleet with which Prussia has nothing at all to compare. The Prussians could easily bring into the field an army of half a million men, and their reserves would perhaps be feared not very inferior to those of the French. As for the paper of the North German Confederation slightly exceeds a million of men, but then South Germany has a paper force of 200,000, and in all probability the national feeling would be strong enough to make all Germany go together. The Prussian artillery, strong in number of pieces, has not brought out of the war with Austria the reputation of being well managed, and much the same may be said of the Prussian cavalry. But Prussia is as strong in fortresses as France is, and either Power would find it difficult to penetrate into the territory of the other. Altogether, then, we read leaves the impression that the best judges consider that, army for army, France has a superiority, but that this superiority is a slight one; and if France is to be the attacking Power, the advantage of being on the defensive may restore an equality to Prussia. There is nothing in this to inspire the belief that France would go to war with Prussia in the hope of a short war, with a brilliant military success; and every Frenchman who takes the trouble to inform himself of the facts of the case, and who is not too electrically taken it for granted that France would have the best of it in a war, yet a war with Prussia would be a very serious affair. Austria has every motive to keep quiet, and her political reasons for desiring a period of rest in which to consolidate and develop her strength must be largely fortified by the present position of her army. Her artillery and cavalry are both excellent, and she has a nominal force of a million of men; but her military strength in time of peace is limited, and she has not the means of getting her army managed to get breech-loaders for 600,000 men, yet she does not spend a florin on war purposes which she can economise. Not only is there absolutely no work carried on by

EARL RUSSELL ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have published a third letter by Earl Russell on the state of Ireland. Like the two former letters, it is addressed to Mr. Chichester Fortescue. The letter opens thus:—"The time has come when the mere assertion of principles is no longer sufficient, and it behoves a Liberal Government to introduce large measures for the good of Ireland. Happily we are not, as in 1778, gaged on the side of the civil war; nor, as in 1792, on the brink of the civil war of the French Revolution; nor, as in 1829, in the alarm of an approaching insurrection. We have firm ground whereon to plant our feet; and we ought therefore to advance boldly on our path, and to complete the edifice which we have been so long in constructing until it becomes an enduring temple, sacred to concord and to liberty." His lordship then proceeds to defend Mr. Gladstone against the accusation of having started the Irish question from a desire to ruin office. "The liberal party," he says, "has been re-united more suddenly, and the country has responded to the call of its leaders more rapidly, than I expected; but I still retain my opinion that Mr. Gladstone, encountering great risks, and provoking bitter animosity, has aimed not at official station, but at the welfare of his country, in the mighty struggle in which he has engaged." He exposes the pretended obligation of the coronation oath, and marks with satisfaction the good sense of the nation that has got rid of the fallacy which was the basis of the acceptance of office by members of parliament, that there is no distinction between public and private property. If, he observes, "by some unforeseen change of opinion in the House of Commons among the English members or from any obstruction offered by the House of Lords, the wishes of Ireland should be defeated, it will be plain that for no purposes of peace and order, and with no view of maintaining tranquillity, but solely from a regard to English prejudice and fears for the rights of the English church, a financial away has been established in Ireland. It will be the iron hand without the velvet glove—a proclamation to the whole world that the authority of England over Ireland is maintained solely by force, and has

## DISCONNECTED MEMORIES.

(From the Spectator.)

THE suggestions we threw out [a fortnight ago] on the subject of the curious psychological cases in New Orleans, where a young German, George Nickers, lost, by a fall, all sensation and all consciousness, restoring, however, in about six weeks, under medical treatment, every faculty except memory, and having, as it were, to begin life anew at the age of twenty, had brought us some new cases of so much interest that we cannot resist discussing one very remarkable question which they suggest, and for the resolution of which they provide new data. The question is whether we recognise ourselves in the same way in which we recognise a room, by the furniture it contains, by the position of the fire and the windows, and the books and the desks and the sideboard—whether in like manner we recognise ourselves by observing the same stock of powers and memories—on a minute which we observed the last (with the addition, of course, of the intervening experiences), or whether, on the contrary, self-consciousness is not something wholly distinct from those "notes" of us by which other persons know us.

preceded the first occurrence of the abnormal state. To suppose that what our correspondent calls the 'abnormal' memory led back to a mere blank as regards the time preceding her first seizure, would be inconsistent with supposing that she knew her husband, the priest, and felt her husband's reverence for both the priest and the priest's old songs, and so forth. We suspect, then, that both states were really abnormal, although only one of them seemed to change the lady's character and to impress upon it a more childish and less self-conscious aspect, that there had been, when she was first seized, some virtual untwisting of the thread of her life, one of the untwisted fibres connecting it with the condition in which she seemed most like herself, and another with the trade-like condition described by her. In the latter condition she lost her self-conscious timidity, but not her reverence for others (excepting her husband and the priest), and became headstrong, wayward and wilful. But whether this conjecture be correct or not, nothing can show more clearly how much memory of external events depends upon the power to feel the same self within. This Norman lady could remember in each condition the events associated with that state of her own mind in

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who read a very remarkable paper a few months ago before the Royal Institution, on "The Unconscious Activity of the Brain," suggests, we think, in part a key to the problem. He points out that operations performed automatically, and without training, by many of the lower animals, have to be learned by man; but when learned can be performed without any self-consciousness, and therefore, of course, without any recollection. Thus, a case of a man of a profound distraction, walks through a crowded street without jostling his fellow-passengers or bruising himself against lamp-posts; and he follows the line of direction which is most familiar to him, even though at starting he had intended to take some other." And we may add, of course, he can remember nothing of what he has done, for he has done it without self-consciousness, which is essential to memory.—memory being nothing but the complete recovery of a former state of consciousness, involving the self and the not-self. Now, as in one of the above cases, the only thing forgotten was those arbitrary associations between signs and forms in which self-consciousness is at least of all called out, so in all the others what seems to have been forgotten was not so much the objects of thought as the connecting subject,—the self which united them. The mere artistic dexterities were often recovered, just as a man might exercise them in a fit of abstraction or in his sleep, without any recovery of the recollection. What the Normal lady forgot in her "abnormal" state was her brooding self; what she forgot in her "normal" state was her spontaneous, child-like, unreflecting self; and as her husband, and priest, and household duties belong to both states, she recognised them in both states, but under so different a light that they did not link into the same memory. Mr. Dunn's patient forgot herself altogether, like the young German in New Orleans, and did not recollect herself till after the second fit, though many of her

CUBA.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

IN the letter of the *Times'* correspondent on Cuban affairs shows one thing more clearly than another, it is how very little any one knows about the island, and how even those who ought to be best informed must go by guesswork. Writing from the Spanish capital, where it had become the question of the minute, if not of the hour, he can only indulge in generalities and speculations. His letter probably reflects the confused state of opinion there very fairly, and we need not be surprised to find many seeming inconsistencies blended with much that is obviously truth and sound sense, and a good deal more that may be possibly the one or the other. Considering the wretched outlook of hungry Spaniards to the Antilles, who come home fatigued or fasting, according to their luck, to make way for the hangers on of succeeding Governments, it seems not strange that there should be such slight information to go on. It would be stranger still were the non-official native Spanish element so strong and intelligent in the Cuban towns as the *Times'* correspondent assumes it to be. But the former class are the last men to go for broad views of Spanish statements. In Cuba they are too busily rapacious to be inquired after, and when they come back they have a hundred reasons for misrepresentation. And for the *Peninsulars* in the Cuban towns, whatever the moral support they have in their gift out there, it is certainly their voices are too feeble to make themselves heard across the Atlantic over semi-official clamour. We are sincerely sorry to find the latter, from beginning to end, an impressive commentary on the text we preached from the other day. Then we said that the spirit of the last importance to Cuba was that the Spanish revolution should be wound up one way or other, and the action of the Provisional Government, where it has taken any, has been mischievous in the extreme. Already, as we are told, thinking Spaniards are being driven to the conclusion that they will find it the lesser evil to sacrifice their magnificent colony; that it is wiser to cut their losses short, and let their West Indian islands go than, on the chance of retaining discontented subjects, by force, to launch into a vague expenditure of money and men, with a hampered treasury and a revolution on their hands. It is unfortunate to learn that the command of the crisis in Cuba is slipping fast through the fingers of the Provisional Government, although we have yet seen nothing to lead us to suppose that they were not absolute masters of it a few months ago. But since their accession to power they have outspasmodically vindicated their energy by their perverted ingenuity of action. They have done their best to alienate all parties by their unscrupulous evasions, and the vague threats of sweeping radical measures to confiscate property. They have ignored the grievances of the colonists and sacrificed their tottering loyalty to the profit and the outcry of a few place-hunters. They have held out splendid prospects of constitutional liberties, while keeping at work all the old machinery for extortion and oppression. The Government of Prim and Serrano, actually a military one, has committed itself to all this, and a course of military repression as well. They can only confess their mistake at the cost of the character of statesmanship; they can only recall the officials they have sent out at the expense of making them bitter enemies than if they had refused them at first; and there is a real danger to the morale of the army and their own influence over it, if they seem to imply its incapacity to deal with civilians and creoles it despises. Yet it may be presumed that Prim and Serrano have had their eyes opened by this time. A new order of things would give them a loophole to retire by gracefully. In the country, take the only rational course, although somewhat late. And that it may be too late, and very soon indeed, we fear there is no disputing. A usually well-informed weekly contemporary assures us that the insurgent chiefs proclaim already that they will have nothing short of unqualified independence. That, in any case would be the obvious resource of a popular leader anxious to awaken enthusiasm among his followers, and disinclined to relapse and succumb to the advice of his enemies. But as a body of malcontents should work up their feelings in grumbling over their wrongs, and that they should pass to a violent programme when a reasonable one has met with no response. But, as we attempted to show in a former article, the real interest of the Cubans lies in their associations with Spain, and then Spain had it in her power to offer them something that would be felt by all as a sensible boon, and with no more cost to herself than an expenditure on common justice. And instead of any such thing, still, although Spain may have to pay the penalty of her long delay and grant more than would have satisfied the Cubans at first. Everything hangs on dispatch. Like the prices of the Sybil, the price they ask for their loyalty will rise in proportion as it diminishes in value, until at last there may be nothing left to bid for.

Our own theory with regard to the insurrection is that the primary cause is so clear that it is absurd to seek further; that it consists in the imposition of a governing official class, deputed by the mother country, to administer justice. And instead of any such thing, still, although Spain may have to pay the penalty of her long delay and grant more than would have satisfied the Cubans at first. Everything hangs on dispatch. Like the prices of the Sybil, the price they ask for their loyalty will rise in proportion as it diminishes in value, until at last there may be nothing left to bid for.

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## SHIPPING.

**ARRIVAL.**—March 29. Victoria (s.s.), 24 tons, Captain Williams, from Brisbane. Passengers: Mrs. Gordon, Messrs. Brown, Smith, and others. Arrived at 10 a.m. at the wharf. A. S. N. Co. agents.

**DEPARTURE.**—March 29. Prince Alfred, for Auckland.

**PROJECTED DEPARTURES.**—March 30. Macdonald, for Melbourne; John Williams, for 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.; West Australia, for 10 a.m. to 12 a.m.; City of Brisbane, for 12 a.m. to 2 a.m.; for Melbourne; Agnes Irving (s.s.), for 2 a.m. to 4 a.m.

**COASTERS INWARDS.**—March 30. Commodore, from the Hunter River, with 150 tons of wool, 200 sheep, 200 hogs, 15 calves, and sundries.

**IMPORTS.**—March 30. Florence Irving (s.s.), 10 tons, Captain Williams, from Brisbane. Passengers: Mrs. Gordon, Messrs. Brown, Smith, and others. Arrived at 10 a.m. at the wharf. A. S. N. Co. agents.

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We do not understand altogether in what particular light the system of pensions is to be regarded, because much will depend upon the conditions of invitation. The income of Ministers is not so great as to allow a large margin for entertainments; nor are their fortunes so large as to admit a frequent drain upon their private resources. The principle of pensions given to reward past adherence, or to purchase it for the future, is hardly reconcilable with the old law against bribery and corruption—at all events in their spirit. Treating is condemned by the English law. Punishments of a very severe nature are now being pronounced against those who attempt the virtue of their constituents. Men are unseated for the mere intervention of barefaced supporters, who may even vitiate the title to a seat by conduct in which they have not participated and which they would not be inclined to sanction. What is the reason of this scrupulousness of a virtue of a constituency? Why is it that a poor man may not make a little money by his vote as well as a rich one? Why should a picnic be forbidden to the electors while the representatives are to be invited, and by a more direct and costly method held in the bonds of party? It is less likely to injure the moral constitution of a representative whose title is at least in part of his own making, than one who is a mere pensioner. There is more mischief in a pension than in a bribe. It is less likely to injure the moral constitution of a representative whose title is at least in part of his own making, than one who is a mere pensioner. There is more mischief in a pension than in a bribe.

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Most persons have no objection to display their sectarian attachments, and some are only too fond of obtruding them. In the case of all those who attend church there is a voluntary display of denominational preference, and even in a case of those who are outside buttresses there is seldom any anxious concealment as to the Church to which their valuable support is, or is supposed to be, awarded. But there are some who will not, on principle, submit to compulsion in any matter which they think ought to be voluntary. They will refuse to tell even what anybody might easily learn, and when it is asked whether such recusancy cannot be punished there is no logical reply. The relations of the subject to the State are external and not internal. They include the conduct, but not the conscience. They touch the practice, but not the faith. It has only been when the Church has dominated over the State, and wielded the sword on behalf of the Spirit, that men have been forced into confession. But those days have passed in most countries, and are fast passing elsewhere. The relations of the Church to the State are still the subject of much theoretical discussion among theologians, and of much practical discussion among statesmen. But the tendency of the democratic movement is everywhere towards making that relation one of separation and amity. And as a sign of how the modern idea is working, we see the foremost statesman of Great Britain, whose early career was marked by the publication of a book devoted to a logical elucidation of the idea that State and Church should be identical, now taking the lead in effecting their separation in one part of the Empire.

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I ARRIVED in Melbourne in June, 1862, at which time scenes were to be witnessed such as I believe, were never witnessed in this world before. Not very many months had elapsed since the discovery of the Victorian Gold Fields, but these months had sufficed to crowd the harbour with noble vessels, all of which were almost entirely deserted, and to crowd the city with a convulsion of vice, of ruffianism, of horrors, beyond all that the most active imagination could have previously conceived. Every third or fourth person you met in the densely packed street was either drunk or nearly so. Every twenty or thirty yards you would meet the Tasmanian felon with his hellish scowl, and the Californian digger with his ready bow-knife at his belt.

Having lately come from home, where I had been accustomed to associate with the better class, it could hardly be expected that I should at once fathom the depth of villany contained in the lowest of the people by whom I was surrounded, and I fell a victim to the wiles of a poor captain in the British Navy, whose family and mine had been reared together. He had preceded me by a few years to Australia, and he had certainly taken a first-class in the branch of moral philosophy to which he had restricted his studies from the time of his arrival. I may as well let the reader know one trifling fact about him, ere (as Carlyle says) he vanishes from this history at present—he was hanged in Melbourne a few years after, under a false name. "Sic transit fur mundus," said the Trinity College man to me, on the day of the ruffian's execution. "Oh he goes, the thief of the world."

While staying at the Royal Hotel, Melbourne, for a few days, waiting for an opportunity to leave for the gold-fields, I was struck by the appearance and manner of a tall young fellow who stayed at the same hotel, and slept in my room, which contained two beds. He was about six feet two, not well filled out, but with bones of enormous size; his wrist was prodigious. It was evident that he had received a superior education, and it was equally evident that he was Irish, although he had apparently associated so much with Englishmen that his accent was greatly modified. His face was like one I had seen before, but, for the life of me, I could not tell when or where. His complexion was dark; he had curly black hair, and a half-dissipated expression was in his voice, gestures, and general appearance. He told me his name was Renwick; "but," said he, with a loud laugh, "of course that is not my real name. None but a fool would give his real name here." "Why not?" said I, "unless a man has done something to disgrace his family." "My dear Renwick," he replied laughing,—"my dear sophisticated importation, wait a few months, and you'll know why. It's all very well for a man who comes out for a good billet, or is furnished with a saddle-bag full of letters to friends; but a fellow who comes out like me—like me, my boy, with a loose foot and not a stiver, has to turn his hand to everything, and chum with men lower than the lowest scoundrel of hell. A nice thing for them to know the address of my people at home, isn't it? Fancy a Van-Demonian entering my mother's drawing-room, and hailing me as his mate, with a volley of curses!" He shook his black curly head, laughing as he said this.

He either liked, or affected to like me, very much, and we passed most of our time together. He had been, said he, at Bathurst diggings, where he had done well; had left them for the more prolific gullies of Victoria; had been up at Forest Hill and Bendigo, and had gained at the latter place an enormous amount of gold. At present he was down "for a spree," but would return in a few days. We went to the theatre together on many occasions, and I noticed that several very bad-looking men spoke to him now and then in a familiar way, but at the same time in a low tone, so that their mutual knowledge was of the furthest kind. I did not like this at all, and I bluntly asked him who these fellows were. "Old mates, my innocent," he replied, gaily. "Mates on the diggings. Lord bless your happy bones! before this day twelvemonth, you'll be as thick with them as I am." I was dissatisfied, and still more so when, on entering our common bedroom one day, I found him earnestly conversing with a low-browed, ruffian-looking man. They stopped abruptly as I entered, and then began to speak of the weather, the state of the roads to Bendigo, and so on.

Next day we were walking up Collins-street, which was greatly crowded by bustling pedestrians. As we passed the spot where the magnificent hotel now stands, several people passed between us, separating us about a couple of yards from each other. At that moment I heard a voice on my left say: "That's him, I tell ye. Blood 'oun's! dy'e think I don't know him?" I turned and saw a hideous, middle-aged, noseless man, speaking to a steady-looking, sharp-eyed person, whose glance was directed towards Renwick, although I could not, of course, say it was exactly to him. The temporary throng just then allowing us to close up and walk once more side by side, I stole a look at him just as he heard the words, and if they had annoyed him, I was sure at once that he was unaffected by them (whether he had heard them or not), for he preserved the same jaunty, reckless swagger as before, and with a loud laugh called my attention to the antics of a drunken Irishman who was singing and dancing in the middle of the street. Now, unsuspecting as I was by nature, and inexperienced in the extraordinary colonial world by which I was now surrounded, yet I could not help harbouring grave suspicions, in consequence of this incident and of others which had preceded, each of them in itself trivial, but taken collectively, important enough. I could not help fancying that the sharp-eyed man was a detective-officer, and that Renwick was the man alluded to.

That evening we dined together in a private apartment, which had been vacated that day, and he informed me he was going to start for the diggings early next morning. He left before I awoke in the morning, and I was not sorry for it. On looking over the columns of the *Argus*, at the breakfast table, I found the following paragraph:—

**BARBAROUS MURDER.**—About half-past 10 o'clock, last night, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, who reside at the Congwood, were greatly alarmed, when retiring to rest, by a loud cry of murder, which seemed to proceed from a point of the road not more than a hundred yards distant. Mr. Downey, with exemplary courage, hastened to the spot, to which he found many individuals speeding, the cry having been heard to a great distance. On arriving at the spot, they discovered a man in the agonies of death, pierced through the body by a large, sharp weapon. The unfortunate man strove frantically to speak; something like "wick" or "wick" was all that could be heard. The bystanders

took him up and bore him to Doctor Walker's, but he expired before they reached the house. Deceased was middle-aged, had strongly-marked features, the entire carriage of his nose was gone, evidently through disease. An inquest will be held to-day (Tuesday) at Carton's public-house, where, it is to be hoped, some light will be thrown on this awful transaction.

The carriage of his nose was gone! Renwick did not come into his hotel until half-past eleven last night. I shuddered with horror at my connection with him; however, I went to the inquest to make sure of deceased's identity. Yes; there was no doubt of it. There lay the man, stark and stiff, who, as I suspected then, but now knew, pointed out Renwick the day before to—What? As I live and breathe, there, looking me through and through, stands, in the inquest-room, among the crowd, the very sharp-eyed man I had seen with the deceased!

"(Constantly," said I, to one of the officers, as I was leaving the room, giddy, "who is that person standing next to the man with the tower hat?" "That is Detective Burton, sir, who was sent over from London."

Not having time to write to a neighbouring colony for a remittance, I sold a valuable gold watch and chain, and left Melbourne for Bendigo. On the evening of the first day a heavy rain set in; and, as a previous rain had soaked the ground, in twenty-four hours the creeks were "bankers," and the flats were literally lakes, in some places a mile across. I spent one night in a public-house, a flourishing township now surrounds the spot, where I met a very agreeable companion, who was on his way to the diggings. He was at first reserved, as all responsible men then were; but he became more communicative during the evening. He was going up to purchase gold, which was being sold on some of the gold-fields so low as two pounds seven and sixpence per ounce. His trip was not to exceed in duration two months; at the end of which time he was to return to Melbourne and marry a young lady to whom he had been long engaged. This, and much more, he communicated to me in a comfortable sitting-room, separated from that of the roughs. "Do you travel alone?" I inquired. He looked sharply at me, and replied, "Yes, quite alone. But," he added, hastily, "I carry two revolvers, and I have another protector. Here, Rover!" At this a magnificent Newfoundland dog approached him from a corner of the room. "The best dog in Australasia," said he, "just you pretend to strike me." "No, thanks," I replied, laughing. "You are right," said he, laughing also; "I could tell you queer tales about that dog. But it's time for bed. Good-night."

It rained all that night, and next morning it was some time before I could find my horse, so that my acquaintance had gone off long before I was ready to start. The road, if road it could be called, was fearful. Dead bullocks and dead horses were lying about in all directions. At length I came to a creek which at first made me grow pale. It was rushing along with fearful rapidity, and was at least a quarter of a mile in width, although its proper channel was not more than fifty yards; this, of course, I learned afterwards. A considerable number of horsemen and foot-travellers was congregated on the near bank, but none wished to venture the passage. I inquired if that were the crossing-place. Yes; a causeway of large, loose stones led across. How broad was this causeway? Oh, about fourteen or fifteen feet. How high was the water over the stones? About up to your chest. But the (something) creek was running so strong that no man or horse could keep his feet.

I dismounted, and cut a pole between eight and nine feet long, and resolutely urged my unwilling horse into the water. He was a very strong beast, but it required all his strength and all my manœuvring skill to take him one third of the way over. I was beginning to repent my rash proceeding, and to feel dizzy with the constant whirl and rush of waters, when my horse trod clumsily on an ill-bedded stone, stumbled, and in an instant he was off the causeway. I don't think I ever made such a sudden movement in my life. I flung myself off on the weather-side, had my pole planted at an acute angle between the stones, and was bringing feet waters foot, all in one second. I looked around to see what my chances were, to go back? No; the rush of water was greatest in that direction. The only chance lay in advancing, and I did advance, the stream nearly chest high. Slowly and cautiously I proceeded, firmly inserting the pole between the stones; nor did I fall in one step, or make one false cast, until I reached the bank, breathless and panting.

As I was pulled up the bank by eager arms, a dismal howl sounded in my ears. On turning around, I perceived the face of a wretched and Londoner's inspiration. The Shepherd's Mourner, came rushing to my mind. Within ten yards of me lay my acquaintance of the previous night, ghastly and grim, the dark beard woefully contrasting with the pallor of the dead man's cheek. "Good God!" said I; "how did this happen?" "This morning," was the reply; "his horse slipped off the ford, and swam out safely half a mile down. Your horse will be all right, too. Jim, run down the creek and see him out. Do you know him? Poor fellow, he couldn't swim." I met him only last night. Does no one here know him? "Oh, yes; his brother was here, took his horse away, and rode off to Mr. Corbett's station to get a coffin made." "His brother?" I said: "was he with him?" "Yes. His brother had crossed long before him, and gone on; but he came back, he said, thinking that something was wrong."

I was greatly struck by this information. "What kind of looking man is his brother?" I asked. "Nothing like this poor fellow," he is short, and stout-built. The brother is tall, and rather lanky, with black, curly hair. "Does he ride a chestnut horse, with a star in the forehead, and a snip?" "That's the very man," said my informant; "I mean, that's the horse." Nothing more was wanting to convince me that Renwick was the personator of the dead man's brother to obtain possession of his saddle-bags, which I well knew were filled with sovereigns for the purchase of gold-dust. I resolved to go to Mr. Corbett's station and see if he had called there. Having reached the station, and sent in my card, I was received kindly and politely; and as I had foreseen, Renwick had not called there. I kept my own counsel, however, merely informing Mr. Corbett of the tragical occurrence. He told me he would hold a magisterial investigation, and see the body decently interred; so, after a cordial good-bye, I proceeded on my upward journey.

I need hardly say that the years '52 and '53 formed the Augustan era of bushranging, the first year especially, as the gold escort was not yet properly organised, and the robber was altogether sure of plunder from the return stream of diggers, and even from the better mounted travellers going upwards, most of whom carried sovereigns. I was destined not to reach Bendigo without gaining a little

personal experience of bushrangers' amenities, which made a strong impression on me at the time.

One afternoon, I was walking my horse along a portion of the road which was cut through a dense scrub; the numerous stumps made it dangerous ground for cantering. I was thinking of dear ones far away, when a horseman, masked, presented himself before me, and cried out loudly: "Bail up!" He held a revolver, which covered me true. I let the reins fall, and held up my hands, for I had emptied my revolver an hour before in shooting at some wood-ducks. He rode forward to me, took my revolver out of its pouch, and then pointed to a somewhat open place in the scrub. "Ride on there," he said; "one movement to right or left, and you're a dead man." We proceeded through the scrub about a mile, when we emerged into an open space upon a ridge. There I saw three men, likewise masked, and three others, evidently prisoners. "Take charge of this cove, Tom," said my captor. One of the masked men came forward, and held my horse while he planted the two others in the meanwhile were searching the swags of the captives. Two of them were young men in diggers' garments, as I knew from the clay that encrusted them. One knelt piously when he saw his bag of gold triumphantly held up by a searcher; the other was a cur, who kept up an unceasing prayer to spare his life. "Take everything, mates; but don't kill me," he spate my life! The third was an old man, and his turn soon came. They searched him for gold in his blankets, and on his person. "By God, Tom, he has planted it!" exclaimed one. "I did not, I swear to you," said the old man. "I sent it all away by my son a week ago." "Have you nothing about you?" inquired the other; "nothing whatever?" "I call God to witness," replied the old man, "that the half-sovereign in my trousers pocket is all I have between this and Melbourne." A deep execration from the ruffian followed this speech. "Hold up your hands, you old impostor," he shouted. The old man obeyed, as far as the law goes, as is innocent as you or any man can be. Damme, but I believe you to be an impostor; and I don't feel sure that I ought not to denounce you as being in league with bushrangers yourself."

"You infernal—" I growled, through my shut teeth. "Take it quietly, my good friend; and don't call too many names. Why did the bushrangers not rob you to day, as they robbed the other three?" I was attracted at this question, and before I could reply he resumed,— "I tell you that the unfortunate men that were robbed believe you to be in league with the robbers, and perhaps at the moment they are speaking of you just as you have spoken to me. I wish you good night, my friend; you had best keep a calm swag, as your friend Tom would say. You know Tom; you saw Tom to-day, you know. Good night; and the bushranger went out of the room whistling, leaving me in a state of mind which I leave to the reader's fancy."

I arrived at Bendigo in safety, stayed a day or two in the township, and passed on to Eagle Hawk Gully, where I took up my quarters in the tent of a gentleman from Adelaide, who had come to the gold-fields more through curiosity than from a thirst for gain. It is not my intention to break the continuity of my story by giving a description of the amazing place in which I found myself; let it suffice to say that I purchased the requisite materials and worked every day in a hole close to my friend's, obtaining, on an average about seven ounces per week.

Mr. Jacob (the Adelaide gentleman) and I were sitting at breakfast, the first Sunday after my arrival, when he informed me that he expected in an hour or so a person who spent with him a portion of every Sunday. "He is," said he, "a most singular man. He was originally a convict in New South Wales; acted as shepherd during his probation, or whatever they call it; used to do strokes of bushman's work; but he was shrewd on outlying stations; served his time; came to Victoria a few years ago, and if ever there was a character truly and thoroughly reformed, he is the man." Now Mr. Jacob was a person of experience, and knew what he was saying. The man came in due time. He was thin, yellow-haired, and middle-aged, with a most determined expression of face; but the clear, wide-opened blue eye made it a difficult matter for me to believe that he had lived the life of a desperado.

He deeply interested us by recounting at our request passages of his eventful career. It was clear that he regretted his mispent life, but his regret never assumed the maudlin form; on the contrary, he seemed determined to atone for the evil he had done, by devoting the remainder of his existence to honesty and active good. We walked a few yards from the tent with him as he was going away. "Mr. Jacob," said he, as we stopped, "if I shouldn't happen to visit you any Sunday, would it be too much to ask you to make inquiries after me? You know my tent in Peg-leg Gully."

"But what is wrong, John? Have you not been well?" "Don't think I'm easily alarmed, gentlemen," he replied; "but there's a bad lot about me, and they know I have made a pile, for I work very hard."

"Do you think they would strive to make away with you?" "I am sure on it, sir, if they got the chance; but I don't drink now, and so I keep as much as I can out of danger."

"Who are the parties you fear most?" "A man and his wife as is in tent next to me. She is a rare bad 'un. Some ill-looking chap has got in with them last week. They're nob but loafers and no good."

At that moment Renwick passed us not a dozen yards away. He had the coolness to nod to me—of course I took no notice—and then, to my surprise, he nodded familiarly to John, who bade him cordially good-day.

"Who is that man?" said I. "Oh, he is a chap as comed here last week. He is a digger?" "Well, I dunno. He is looking about him, like." This was all the information I could obtain from him. Now Mr. Jacob had mentioned to me that the last few days had been more profitable in thefts and robberies on the diggings, and within a circle of ten miles round, than any similar period during his residence there for months. A large batch of prisoners had been clamped down within the last twenty-four hours for profound perplexity as to where a duty lay. I rambled into the bush and set down under an ironbark tree.

"bafmy new chum," said he; "nor shall you either, until I have a few words with you." So saying, he quietly drew a revolver from its case, and said, "Make one movement towards that door, my friend, and you'll get slops, and no mistake. You won't? Well, I am glad to see you have some sense. Now, take your seat again, and I'll take another, and we'll have a rational chat." Had you but seen his genial smile!

I obeyed the order. He lit his pipe, stretched out his legs, and puffed away in silence for some time. Reflection showed me I was at his mercy, for how many of his brigands might there not be in the adjoining room. Accordingly, I preserved a sullen silence. Suddenly he took his pipe from his lips, looked me in the face, and with one of his eyes, reckless laughs, he said, "Now chum, you are not so innocent as you pretend. That wasn't a bad plant of yours by any means." "I don't understand you," I replied; "what is your meaning?" "Why, your accusation of murder and of bushranging. Proof, indeed! Ha, ha, ha!" And so consummate an actor was the man, that positively his mirth seemed real. This worked me up so much that I replied, "Yes, you murdered the man without a nose in Melbourne; and as to the fellow whom I saw you with in my bedroom, I—" but here I stopped; I was very near breaking the promise I had made that very day. "Well," said he, "go on. Way do you stop?" He eyed me very keenly as he said this. "I will speak no more to you," I returned. "I wish I had never seen you."

He smoked again for some time silently, now and then regarding me with a scrutinising glance. At length, putting his left elbow on the table, and bending forward, he said in a stern and altered voice,—

"Who are you, who speak to me in this way? How do you know that you are not as bad as myself? I have only your own word to rely upon; I know nothing about you personally, and yet you dare to accuse a man of murder, who, you confess, as far as the law goes, is as innocent as you or any man can be. Damme, but I believe you to be an impostor; and I don't feel sure that I ought not to denounce you as being in league with bushrangers yourself."

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"What's the matter, mate?" said he, his sharp eye going through me like a gimlet. "You are the very man I want to see," said I. "Humph! Eh? Well? And you want to see me?" "Yes. There is a poor fellow, called John Singleton, in Peg-leg Gully, who is in fear of being murdered. I think his fears are well-founded."

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to give me a reason for these fears of yours?" "I believe there are some bad characters who live close to him—very bad characters."

"Do you know the men?" "The men who live near him? I do not." "Do you know any person of evil repute who keeps company with him?" "Officer," I replied, "I can only speak from suspicion. I will not be more explicit."

"Indeed! You entertain nothing but a vague suspicion of a certain hopeful young fellow by the name of Renwick? That's the case, isn't it?"

"It is the case," I said, "and I won't be cross-examined any longer. When the proper time comes, I shall not be slow in doing what I owe to society."

With a how, which to my mind seemed more akin to sneezing than to politeness, he departed. I don't think I ever felt more dismay than I felt at that evening. For the life of me I could not help thinking that I was in the detective's bad books—that, in short, he believed me to be wrapped in the ample folds of Renwick's dark mantle of guilt.

At length, after long meditation, I resolved to tell everything to Jacob. I did so that night, without, of course, referring to the adventure of the bushrangers, further than by the observation that a circumstance had occurred to me on the way up, which confirmed very strongly my suspicion, but that I was not at liberty to describe it. He listened attentively, and paused a long time before he made a remark.

"There is something in this," he said at last, "which we neither of us understand. I confess it smother me. Do you know now?" he added, "the most singular thing of all is, the demeanour and language of the Detective towards you. I can make nothing of it. No more."

"I don't believe in the Detective at all," I said. "I think him a humbug."

"Possible, possible," said Jacob, "but I tell you what—don't you think it would be well for us to constitute ourselves special (private) constables for the defence of poor John?"

"Agreed," said I. "Peg-leg Gully is only three miles away, you tell me. We might take a walk over there in the evenings."

"He it is," replied Jacob; "we will go over next Saturday. We can carry our blankets, and spend Sunday with him. Saturday night is the time for violence and murder."

A day or two after this I rode into Bendigo for letters, and was within a mile of Eagle Hawk on my way back when I met the Commissioner with his two orderlies. He pulled up his horse and asked me had I come from Bendigo? Yes. Did I know if the two men had been arrested who were suspected of the murder of Cleary? Yes. They had been arrested that morning. He then directed his orderlies to return, and inquired if I had met a gentleman on a white horse? How far might he be in front by this time. About a mile. His then rode off.

I had not ridden a hundred yards when I met Renwick on his splendid chestnut. He bowed to me, his face expanded in a genial laugh, which I answered with a prodigious scowl.

"Commissioner gone on?" said he. "Plenty of 'em on him, I hope," I replied. "I needed my horse bound at this, but I resolved to follow him; but, I blush to confess it, his genial and hearty laugh when he saw my movement made me pause. I could not resist the idea that he was humbugging me. Besides, I thought, the Commissioner is well armed, he will have overtaken his friend. Renwick will not think of sticking up two. Accordingly, I turned my horse's head homewards once more, and proceeded at a slow pace. In less than ten minutes the Commissioner overtook me, with wild excitement. He had been stuck up and robbed of his gold watch and a few sovereigns."

"You were robbed," said I, as he pulled up his horse for a moment, "by—"

"Yes, by three masked men—lamm them. I am going for my orderlies and the constables."

"Stay, please, for one moment," I broke in; "did you meet a young fellow on a chestnut horse?"

"I did; he came up just as they had started off. He galloped after them like a Briston. A plucky young fellow that."

"Oh, yes; very plucky," I thought. Good heavens! what a clever ruffian! How beautifully he had timed it! I told the affair to Jacob when I came home, and I am sorry to say that he laughed so heartily that I also was affected, and we laughed it out. Two days after that, I am glad to say, two of the bushrangers were apprehended, and afterwards sentenced to transportation for life. It was the possession of the watch that convicted them. Renwick was not suspected, and his guilty partners made no sign.

On the evening of Saturday, at sun-down, we left Eagle Hawk for Peg-leg Gully, with our thick blankets on our shoulders. It was long after dark that we came in sight of the tents, from which we kept a wide offing, as it was not very safe to come up to a tent after nightfall. Two tents stood at the further side of the gully, far removed from the crowded mass of canvas, but separated from each other about twenty yards. In one of these lived John Singleton.

It was almost surrounded by thick bushes, to which it was in close proximity; but we could well discern it by the strong light of a multifaceted lamp within. The night was cloudy, and intensely dark; the numerous fires along the gully on both sides were too distant to illuminate the spot. Suddenly, Jacob called my attention to the shadows of several figures that appeared through the thin corners of the tent.

"Very strange," said he, in a low voice. "John admits no one into his tent. We must be careful here. I hope nothing is wrong."

We advanced carefully through the bushes, but we could not avoid making a slight noise. "Is that you, Mat?" said a whispering voice.

I pressed Jacob's arm. He answered, "All right," and we moved forward again.

But, all at once, there was a shout, and a stamping of feet in the tent, and a man sprang up before me, whom I seized and threw to the ground.

"Here, Jacob," I exclaimed, "help me to deal with this fellow."

"Let me go, you damned fool," said a voice—the voice of Renwick; "let me go at once, or it will be too late."

"Not too late for you to be hanged," I re-

sponded. "Murderer, I would not let you go for the Crown of England."

"He gave a whistle and up came a man. "Whom have you here?" said he. It was the Detective.

"Renwick, the murderer," said I. "I'll take charge of him now. Morris." "Here, sir."

"Bind this man and keep him safe." So saying, he rushed to the tent, followed by Jacob and me.

A curious sight was there. John was standing at one side of the tent, which was a very roomy one, with a triumphant smile on his grim face. Five men with scowling brows, and hang-dog looks, were standing at the end of the tent farthest from the entrance; while inside the entrance stood six constables, five of them with their carbines presented, each of them covering a man—dead. The sixth held his carbine half raised. Burton entered.

"Tom Evans," he said, in a loud and stern voice, "advance to the front! Not one of the five stirred."

"I ask you but once more," said the officer; "you are armed to the teeth, and I should be justified in shooting you dead or crippling you at once." He deliberately cocked a pistol and raised it in the direction of the fellow's breast. "Tom Evans, advance to the front. One, two."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the other, stepping forward with trembling limbs. He was at once handcuffed and secured, as were all the others. John informed us that two of the men had met him the day before, and pressed him eagerly to join them the next evening in the other tent, as they had got some good grog. Feeling certain that something was up, he communicated this to the detective, who had seen him after his interview with me; and, by his advice, went to the appointed place, pretending to go drunk, rested with them and three others, and then, when they had got some good grog, fell down apparently insensible, and saw them tearing up the ground under his bunk until they came to his gold; watched them as they greedily snatched at it; heard them debating whether they would throw his body into old Larkin's hole, or sink it in the red water-hole with a big stone round the neck. They had finally resolved on this last course, when he gave the concerted shout that brought the officers upon them.

"I need hardly tell ye, gentlemen," said he, "that I did not taste their grog, as I know'd it were hocus."

Time went on; several months elapsed. Jacob and I were resolved to see these prisoners tried; so we went down to Melbourne. It was not without much difficulty that we could gain admittance into the court-house, so great was the interest excited by the deeds of the bushrangers, against all of whom true bills had been found for numerous crimes. They stood side by side in the front part of the dock, dressed in respectable clothes; but nothing could tone down their hardened, ruffianly features. We looked in vain for Renwick; he was not amongst them.

"He is dead, I presume, Jacob," said I. "It is most probable," he replied; "I almost hope he is."

The indictments were read, the pleading "Not guilty" recorded, the first witness was called. The evidence above I—who should order the witness-box but Renwick.

He was sworn. "Your name?" "Samuel Haughton."

"Your occupation?" "Inspector of the Victoria Detective Police."

"Give me a devil of a hard pinch, Jacob." I whispered; "I am dreaming very hard."

"Egad, my boy," he replied, "I have seen some cells; but I shall dry up after this."

But he never heard the witness of that young man! Never did sleuth-dog pursue trail, as he had followed up the murderers' tracks. His perils, his escapes, his deeds of daring, his vigilant sagacity, his perseverance through obstacles that would appal, one should think, any mortal being; finally, his triumph crowned by the extinction of a gang of the diabolical miscreants that ever cursed this earth—all this was told with a modesty and calmness that frequently caused a hum of astonishment and admiration throughout the hearing mass of hearers. The prisoners were condemned to death, and were soon after executed.

On the evening of that day, Burton, Haughton, Jacob, and myself were sitting at a table in a snug room in Scott's Club Hotel. Over our wanuts and old port, Haughton condescended to answer a few questions which I put to him.

"Poor Old Nosey! He was killed by Ludwig, a German. He confessed the murder two days after. That bushranger that was in our bedroom with me? He was one of my most useful men. Through him and two others I was believed to be a pal. I had often suspected him of doing business on his own account, but I wasn't sure, until the day you were led into the scrub. How did I know about that affair? Bless you, I knew the tracks of that fellow's horse, that led you off, as well as I know the signboard of Scott's Hotel."

I followed them until I met the three poor fellows that were robbed. They told me all I didn't know."

I felt that everything could be as easily explained; therefore, I asked no more questions; but I noticed that Jacob was fidgety and restless, a circumstance which could hardly escape the quick eye of Haughton.







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**WANTED,** a good General SERVANT. Apply, between 12 o'clock, this day, to Mrs. Rogers, Trinity Parsonage, Prince-street.

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